

LOST AND FOUND :

OR,

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ROBERT CARR,

A Reformed Drunkard, of Castleford ;

WITH A

Preface by the Rev. J. S. Balmer.

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May be had of the Author, at Carlton Street, Castleford, Normanton.  
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LEEDS :

J. W. PETTY, PRINTER & PUBLISHER, 30, TRINITY STREET.

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SOLD BY J. COOK and J. UMPLEBY, Booksellers, Meadow Lane.

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## PREFACE.

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IN this Autobiography of ROBERT CARR, there is no drawing upon imagination whereby to adorn a tale ; simple truth—stranger than fiction—lay so near at hand to offer her tribute, that gilding and fancy dared not to intrude. The book may be accepted by the reader not only as truth unadorned, but as almost unclothed. There is a great deal of deformity in her “limbs and outward flourishes,” but it is due to the abuse of years. It was not in the author’s plan to deck truth in gorgeous attire—he would speak of himself as he had been. His chequered life is now before us, and wisely read will do us good.

We meet a traveller on an attractive road, who intreatingly says to us—“Do not go this way, I have walked it for miles, and found on it broken bridges and dangerous passes. I have seen ghastly shapes by the wayside, and have met such things as fill me with horror.” Adopting the words of our great bard, he exclaims—

“I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;  
Thy knotty and combed locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

In this position stands the Author of “LOST AND FOUND,” and here a tale unfolds—as standing on the way of misery and death his uplifted voice warns and intreats unwary travellers. There is music on this path like that of the Syrens in the classic story :—they dwelt in some fair and lovely island fabled to be full of beauty, through whose groves and



alcoves there moved a perpetual loveliness, and who sat on the tops of the tall rocks, pouring their tender and ravishing music over the ears of passing mortals, till they turned the prow of their vessel thitherward, and rushed upon that destruction to which the deceitful song was only the prelude. All round the island, through whose grottoes the Syrens' melody floated, lay the bleaching bones of thousands who had sought the shore, but had sought in vain !

This Autobiography is strikingly one of warning : changing our figure, it is a beacon light on rocky coast. The writer sees the danger of myrads who are now in the troubled waters of intemperance, —he beholds blushing and unsuspecting youth entering upon a combat with the sportive but damning waves ! His blood warms—he thinks of his own struggle, and flushes with fresh life at the thought of his own rescue—his light is hoisted higher up, and his voice sounds louder in warning and entreaty.

This life-history of Robert Carr does not by any means stand alone. The wasted by drink are legion, and our social circles are ever enshrouded in funeral drapery—on the doors of cottages and the walls of palaces alike, it is written within and without, “Lamentation and woe !” At one time in my life it occurred to me to take notes of suicides, deaths by drowning and other like calamities, in the various parishes through which I passed—for then I travelled much—but I soon found that all my time would be taken up in the simple chronicling of the sad facts. I therefore gave up in despair. After much inquiry in many counties of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, I am convinced that many accidental deaths, the loud wails of suicides, and the fiendish deeds of murderers have spread their woe over these British dominions, and that there is scarcely a spot unscathed by the presence of this diabolic drink. The mountain side, the rippling stream of the glen, the forest and the field, the valley and the lake, the river and the road, the sea and the land, the mansion and the cot, the quiet village, and the busy swarming city, have



all been smitten. Yet, oh how amazing! a fascination is thrown around the destroyer—he is worshipped with the honour and devotion due to a God! He invades our homes and our sanctuaries, is the cause of religious declension in innumerable instances, and renders some useless, if not positively injurious, who remain in our churches, while thousands never darken the entrances of our sanctuaries, because they are worshipping at his shrine. The money spent in drink in this country by a professedly religious people, would float mission ships to every heathen harbour, and give the Gospel of Christ to every barbarous tribe in the world! Let us hunt it out of our churches and homes, then—it is an Achan in the camp of our Israel—“And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.”

At the Dublin Exhibition, a while ago, I stood in mute meditation before a picture, which in the catalogue was entitled “The Abandoned.” A female figure stood before me, with the fore finger of her left hand upon her lips, and her right hand hanging down with a letter in it. On a table before her stood a vase, in which were pretty flowers; a little box lay open before her on the table. and she appeared to be peering into it. On a chair facing her lay her mantle and hat, whilst a little dog sat and looked imploringly at her in her gloomy abandonment. It was a touching scene. But since then I have often longed to see the temples of Bacchus. like her, “abandoned”—desolate. And my hope is that the readers of “LOST AND FOUND” will be induced to abandon once and for ever this woe-begetting, crime-producing, Christ-rejecting, and hell-gorging drink. Youth, flee from the devourer! Manhood, escape! Age, turn aside from the destroyer! Government, “disestablish” and “disendow” her—send her forth alone to die! Churches, denounce, expel, abandon! Then will our lovely island appear in her fairest forms—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

No tongue can describe, pen portray, or painter depict, too vividly the tremendous evils of the drink curse. The following,

which I extract from "*The New York Independent*," does not exceed the truth; and it shows that the vast Continent, from which the deep, dark stains of slavery have been lately wiped out for ever, is smitten, like our own land, with this hideous thing by reason of which so many are *lost* and not again found:—

"S. W. Banks, of Boston, has published a coloured lithograph, two by four feet, which he calls 'The Black Valley Railroad,' and which is designed to be hung up in Sunday school rooms, to teach children the effects of intemperance. On the left, in the back ground, a train is seen just starting from the region of churches, school houses, and fresh fountains, over which angel forms are seen hovering. Further down, other trains are seen approaching Drunkards' Curve in the foreground, where a few travellers, in rags and wretchedness, are leaving the train for the Cold Stream River Stages, while others are being thrown out and picked up by ambulances. By the side of the well-filled train the friends of humanity are seen standing amid the dead and dying, ringing bells and swinging flags to warn the travellers of their danger, at the same time helping such as leave and such as are thrown out of the train. On the right, a well-loaded train, with its crowded saloon, is seen plunging into the *Great Black Valley Forest*, where a huge serpent is coiling around, and breaking down the fruitless, leaning, and leafless trees, and birds of ill-omen are looking down upon the dead and dying that lie strewn upon the track. In the back ground, on the right, is seen Beggarstown, Prisonton, Deliriumton, and Demonland, over which fiends are hovering, and lightnings flashing as the trains disappear towards the volcano at the lower terminus of the road, from which the only telegram that comes is—'*At the last it biteth like a Serpent and stingeth like an Adder.*'"

This picture, and the Autobiography of Robert Carr, teach the same lessons—I hope not in vain.

*Nicholson Villa, Castleford,*  
*May 31st, 1869.*

J. S. BALMER.

# LOST AND FOUND.

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## Chapter 1.

### EARLY DAYS.

“ Youth lost in dissipation,—we deplore  
Through life’s sad remnant, what no sighs restore ;  
Our years, a fruitless loss without a prize,  
Too many—yet too few to make us wise.”—*Cowper.*

I was born on February 25th, 1832, in Regent St., York, and was the youngest of four children who had to be reared by the hard labour of poor but industrious parents. My father was a shoemaker, and a bird and animal preserver ; but these occupations were far from being lucrative and hence the difficulty my father felt in supporting himself and his family. He and mother were good moral people, and were not addicted to intemperance as I have been ; I never in my life saw my father drunk. He was kind and affectionate both as a parent and husband, indeed he was too lenient, and like Eli did not sufficiently restrain his children.

In their religious principles my parents were Roman Catholics, and they sent me and my sisters to a Catholic school near the York Minster ; we also went to Father Billington, the priest, to learn the Catholic catechism. I cannot remember being taught to pray, and the Bible was a prohibited book. Though I went to a day school for a time, I never could read well, and often played the truant. I was very disobedient to my parents, though to the best of their ability, I believe, they trained me up in whatever they thought was good ; but I took no

notice of their reproofs, and very early got connected with evil companions, thus I was led into all kinds of wickedness. I would here add, that my disobedience has been to me the cause of many bitter sorrows, and would entreat the young who read this to reflect upon what God says on the subject. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"; and in Proverbs, the 30th chapter, it is written "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

As I obstinately refused to go to school my father sent me to work, I was then only ten years of age. My first employment was at the glass-works, and I soon learnt that the glass blowers were a drunken class of men; the boys too were very wicked. We had to fetch drink for the men, which gave us the opportunity of taking a little ourselves, and we soon learnt to like it. At this period I began to delight in such practices as drinking, dancing, fighting, and racing. Some of my companions went to a public-house near Walmgate-bar, for the purpose of learning to dance, and to box with gloves. O what a miserable training for youths destined to live for ever!

When I was about fifteen years of age, I fell into the water near the Castle Mill Bridge, and if it had not been for a foot-racer named William Giles, I should certainly have been drowned. He ran to my rescue, and taking me by the hair of my head pulled me out of the water. I was taken home and wrapped in blankets, The doctor thought I should not see the following morning, but contrary to his expectations I soon recovered; and yet, strange to say, I continued my wicked practices. On another occasion, I fell into the water besides the Blue Bridge, and was saved from a watery grave by a man who was passing that way at the time.



His name was Samuel Loy, and he was a flint-glass workman.

I was bound an apprentice to glass bottle making, and at this period had a companion whose name was Thomas Thompson. When we ought to have been improving our minds, and forming good habits, we became greatly addicted to drinking, and often attended four or five dances in a week, sometimes staying out all night. My almost broken-hearted mother frequently went out in search of me in the drink-dens of infamy; she wandered from place to place at all hours of the night, and on many occasions caught severe colds; afterwards erysipelas set in, and she lost her sight, and became totally blind. O the folly of my conduct, for still I pursued my evil ways!

At many times, when I and my companions were leaving the public-house late on Saturday night, we were contriving to get more drink, that we might take it to some private house and drink it there. On one occasion a policeman came up to us in the street, and told us to move away, but we were stupid and would not obey him. He therefore took one young man by the collar, and was in the act of removing him to the police office, when we made up our minds to rescue him. We followed to the Foss Bridge, when one of our party went behind the policeman, and threw him to the ground; then he took his staff from him and beat his head with it, at the same time we, in an unmanly manner, used our feet. He cried "Murder!" and his cry brought some more policemen, and on their appearing we ran off but carried our companion with us. The police took one of our company that night, a man named Riley, a sweep, and locked him up in safe custody. On the Saturday following, the police-sergeant and the policeman whom we had rescued the man from, came together to the office of the glass-works, to pick out those whom they thought were implicated in the affair. We had to

go to the office for our own wages that day, eight were picked out of the men getting paid, six of whom were not concerned in the rescue, but had nevertheless to appear before the magistrates. The witnesses that were taken to clear them the magistrates would not hear, or hearing them would not believe their statements. They relied solely on the testimony of the policeman. Some of the accused were sent to prison, and others were fined.

I frequently got into trouble through my propensity to drink, but sometimes this came upon me from other causes. I will here relate an adventure which may excite merriment, but owing to some of its characteristics I desire the relation of it to produce other feelings than mirth. The adventure happened in this way. It was a Sunday evening, when I and a companion watched a family of Wesleyans in York leave their house for the chapel where they usually worshipped. When they had gone to the chapel, we entered the house in order to spend a little time in the company of the two servants who lived there; this we had done before, and had been freely helped from the wine cellar and the pantry. On this occasion, however, we were destined to a rather serious interruptioun. The old gentleman had been taken ill early in the service, and so came home sooner than was expected. There was a strange consternation in the house when the bell rang, for we could not tell how to escape. My companion got under the cellar grate, and I was told to hide in what seemed a cupboard. Thus ensconced I was secure for a time; but the old master entered the kitchen, and I began to feel afraid of being discovered. I groped about in the dark, and while doing this my hand caught hold of some sort of handle which I pulled, when, lo! to my horror, a shower of water fell upon me—I was, in fact, the occupant of a shower bath, and had unwittingly pulled the string! Beside wetting me through, the noise of

the falling water brought the old man to the spot ; he dragged me out, and said, " You villain, what do you want here ? " Feeling that submission would be the best valour, I fell down on my knees before the old gentleman, and entreated him to show me mercy. I believe this was the first time in my life that I had bent my knees to plead for mercy. He offered forgiveness if I would never go there again, and as I complied, he let me go free. My companion's turn came next, and on the same conditions as myself he was allowed to escape. Since then, he has led a most abandoned life, and while I write this he occupies a prison cell for felony. The servant girls were turned from their situations for betrayal of their master's confidence, and thus evil came upon us all for our Sabbath profanation. How much better it would have been, if we, instead of indulging such recklessness, had gone to worship our Maker on His own day in His holy sanctuary.

One of my companions was a foot-racer, named John Passmore. He ran a great many races, and this frequently set us to drinking. He ran with a man named Lambert for £10 a-side, and by some accident Passmore lost by a yard of distance. Being in appearance rather like Passmore I was often taken for him, and when I went into a public-house there was sure to be a glass of something offered to me to drink. At one time I went into Charles Gibson's, near Church Lane, York ; I had been drinking very heavily all the week, and when I entered there were three young men inside drinking, one of them being the brother of a man named " Lincoln Tom," a well-known character in York. They had a gallon of ale on the table, and they asked me to sup with them. Knowing that I could dance well, they asked the fiddler to play a hornpipe, and I gave them a few steps. There was a knife lying on the table, and I took it up ; they told me I could keep it if I liked,



but being so drunk, I went into the yard and fell asleep. I remained there about half-an-hour, and on returning into the house, I asked the landlord what had become of them, and he told me that two policemen had taken them to the police-office for having committed a robbery, and for ill-using a farmer, whom they had almost killed, on the Cemetery Road. The young men were tried at York Castle, and the sentence of death was recorded against them. If I had stayed in the tap-room till the policemen came, they would have taken me to prison as well as the others, and my having the knife in my possession would have condemned me at once.

Once I was at a dance in Hungate, York, with my companion, Thomas Thompson; he quarrelled with another man in the room, and while fighting him some person put out the gas, because it was seen that Thompson had the upper hand. The consequence was we all began to fight hand over head in the dark room, until much blood was shed. One man got me into a corner, and I believe he had a knife in his hand, for he cut my throat so severely that the mark is upon it to this very day. At another time, I was drunk at a public-house called the "Hand and Heart," in the Market place, York; it was Whitsuntide, and also the city fair time. I was in the dancing-room, and commenced fighting with some young farmers who were there. I fell down the stairs, which were a great height, and was picked up insensible, narrowly escaping a drunkard's death, and a drunkard's hell. How grateful I feel to God for his great compassion to me in the many deliverances of which I was the subject.

About this time I began to pay my addresses to a young woman, whom I afterwards married. On many occasions when I left her I went directly to a dance and stayed out all night, getting into numerous sins and troubles. This was all unknown to her. I would also add, as a note of warning, that I have known many a

young woman and many a young man utterly ruined at these public-house dances. I entreat my readers, now that their eye is upon this page, to shun these places, to start from them as they would from an escaped tiger, or they will destroy their peace, their virtue, their souls!

At the time of my marriage I was six months turned twenty, and I spent most of the week in drunkenness. It will be seen that my wages at the end of the week could not be large, but what will my reader think when I inform him that my first gift to my young wife in the character of wages, amounted to the sum of fivepence sterling! And how will it fill the reader's mind with amazement to know that this took place at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, I being at the time drunk! She told me if that was all the money I could give her, she could do without it, and if that was matrimony, she wished herself single again. My poor father gave us our first Sunday dinner. This was a sad beginning of married life. It will, however, be seen in the subsequent pages of this book that the following years only added to the evil.

I was one day coming from a public-house in a state of intoxication, and as I passed through Micklegate-bar, was stopped by a man named Fisher, who had with him another man; they struck me, saying at the same time that I had thrown the race over, meaning a foot race that young Passmore had been running with a man called Tom Lambert. They mistook me for Passmore. I fought for about half-an-hour, and at length fell to the ground, when Fisher and his companion kicked me, blackened my eyes, and left me almost dead. They also stole my cap, for which I had lately given 3s. 6d. Drinking is all loss. Loss of property, peace, character health, and often life itself. All the gain of which the drinker can boast, is the gain of misery, poverty, disease, and innumerable woes. How strikingly is all this set

forth in the Bible. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contention? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." How easily could all this be avoided if the precept were but obeyed.—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."—Prov. xxiii, 29th and 32 verses. *Look not*—that is abstinence not only for the lip but for the eye. And this is the kind of abstinence I wish to practice, for I have now no desire to taste, or smell, or touch, or see the bewitching and soul destroying drink.

## Chapter 2.

### EVIL HABITS FORMED.

“Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,  
And Infamy stands candidate for praise.”—*Young.*

BUT I have no honours to bestow upon the vice of intemperance, the iron entered too deeply into my soul. A drunkard's life is all dark, there is not a single star in it; all desert, there is no green spot. To be truthful then, I must still describe the dark scenes.

One time I got involved in a row with some Irish people in the Black Bull Lane, Walmgate; it was late on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning. Sticks, stones, and other missiles were flying about on all sides. I, and some others, however, helped the police, and after a while I made my way down to the bottom of the lane and got on the top of a stable; had I not done this I believe I should have been killed. The old roof of the stable gave way, and I fell in, alighting on a peaceable donkey, whose company was quite as desirable as that of the wild and wicked human beings outside. The words of Job apply appropriately here:—“But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee.” Yes, man, the lord of creation, is often less dignified than the beasts over which he holds sway. I may add in this place, that I escaped from the resort of brutes and men, and with some thankfulness found myself safe at home.

I still resided in York, and our house was in Hope Street, where a number of Irish lived. One night there was an Irish wake in one of the houses; the place was full of men and women who howled like dogs, and the windows being open the noise was horrible. I said to



my companion, "I'll stop that racket," so I picked up a piece of brick and sent it through the window; the candle flew off the table, and out rushed a lot of Irish. I immediately ran home, the door was locked, I burst it open and then ran up stairs. My poor wife followed me in alarm, I told her some Irishmen were after me, and she fastened the door. I could then hear them in the street declaring they had seen the man go up a passage, but they did not learn till next day that I had been the guilty party. I mention this fact to show that through my intemperance and folly I was often bringing troubles upon myself. The glass-blowers and the Irish often got into conflict with each other, and passion aroused by drink led us to strife and misery. There is perhaps nothing which causes so much of these evils as alcoholic drinks, and I often think that any person who loves the Christian religion should discard such drinks altogether, for Christianity is a religion of peace.

At the period to which I am now referring I was loose from my apprenticeship, married, and living in a well-furnished house. I had a good home, and might have been very happy with my young wife. But I went again and again in search of my enemy, and welcomed the fiery death-water as if it had been the sweetest water of life. My wages were spent in drink and my wife's things were carried to the pawnshop, (the devil's help) that I might have more drink. I became so degraded, that I would have done almost anything to get drink. If a packman came to my house I was sure, without much entreaty, to give him an order. At one time a man came with a round-faced clock for sale. I had then an old-fashioned one, and was thinking how to get money for a spree, when the man popped in. He examined the old clock, and said that his would look much better. We got a chair, and put up the new clock, and he told me I could pay him for it at the rate of

one shilling and sixpence a week. My wife was out at the time, and I had a companion with me who was as great a drinker as myself; before long he wanted to know how we were to raise more drink. I pointed to the new clock, and said, "we will walk that off to uncle's;" so I took it down and carried it in a handkerchief, while my companion took the weights in his pockets. We pawned the clock for seven shillings, and sold the ticket for four shillings more, and then set to and spent the whole in drink.

About this time a man came to York from Blaydon, near Newcastle, to engage some glass-blowers to go and work at Blaydon. I met this man at the "Brewer's Arms" in Walmgate, and I was drunk at the time; I however drank more, and engaged to go to Blaydon. But I soon got into additional trouble. My companion, Passmore, had been taken to the Guild Hall to answer a charge brought against him, and one of the witnesses was my brother-in-law, John Sunderland; at this time he was not living with my sister, but had left her for another woman. So I and Passmore resolved to chastise him. While I was fighting with Sunderland, who was older and bigger than myself, his mother and sister came to his help, and in self-defence I struck at them. About this time Dobson, of Wakefield, was hanged at York, and I was present at the execution. Just when the bolt had been drawn, and the spirit of the wretched criminal launched into eternity, a policeman took me by collar, and hurried me off to prison. This was done at the instance of Sunderland's friends, who had taken out a warrant against me. I was taken in due course before the magistrates, and I pleaded my own cause, telling them Sunderland's character, and how he had treated my sister. I was however fined 5s. and costs, amounting in all to 13s. 6d., and besides was prevented from going to Blaydon that day.

My wife and my mother were almost heart-broken,

but as for myself, such was the power of my evil heart, that I felt a strong spirit of retaliation, and with difficulty kept from again beating Sunderland. But I went to Blaydon to work, drink, sin, and suffer as before. None but a drunkard can tell the woes of such a life as mine. I had not been at Blaydon a fortnight before I went to the races at York. I borrowed a sovereign of my master to go with; and on my return, after the races, my wife determined to accompany me; she did so, and on the day of our arrival gave birth to a son. Imagination may be left to describe our situation at this period. The neighbours were very kind to my wife; and my master, having heard of what had transpired, sent for me to his office, and lent me two more sovereigns; one of them I took home to my wife, the other I took to Newcastle, and spent it upon drink. I am ashamed to say that I do not think I was sober one clear day during the time I stayed at Blaydon.

After being there some time, I asked the master to lend me another sovereign with which to fetch my furniture to Blaydon. That I spent in drink, and my master heard of it; he told me he should stop the money out of my wages, at the rate of 7s. 6d. per week. On the Saturday, however, I took train for York, and left my poor wife to do the best she could for herself. The master saw my wife, and told her he would send me to prison, for I was bound to stay with him one year, and had only stayed nine weeks. My wife followed me to York. The master sent a letter to one of the glass manufacturers in the city, to say I must be stopped in my work, and that a warrant was issued for my arrest. I was informed of this, and started off on foot to Malton where my brother resided. I remained there a week, in order to avoid the arrest, and then returned to York. But I cannot describe a thousandth part of the wrongs inflicted upon my masters, my family, and others by those accursed drinking habits. I was also a great



sufferer through fear of arrest, a disordered body, and a guilty conscience. A drunkard's life is hell upon earth. O how do I bless God for having so mercifully delivered me. But the sorrowful tale is not yet ended. I must ask the reader to accompany me further on the dark lane of my early and blighted life.



## Chapter 3.

## A HOMELESS WANDERER.

“ The past lives o'er again  
 In its effects, and to the guilty spirit  
 The ever-frowning present is its image.”—*Coleridge.*

I WENT to Castleford, after finding I could not get employment at York. But even there my evil reputation arrived before me, and the Blaydon master's letter prevented me securing a situation, I therefore returned to York. At length I obtained work at Laythorpe, continued my evil practices, but in this case my master drank as hard as myself. After working for him about nine months, he failed in business. Master and man were both victims at the shrine of Bacchus. Drink is no respecter of persons, and master or workman who supports publicans must expect to go to ruin. The ruin of thousands proclaims aloud this truth. After this failure I retraced my steps to Castleford again; for a time I worked at the Black Flag glass-works, and then left to work at Mr. Winterbottom's. The masters began to hire the glass-blowers, but Mr. Winterbottom would not hire me, because of my Blaydon engagement, for he knew I had run away from there. I continued to labour for him, however, about six or seven months, at the end of which I removed to Hunslet. I obtained employment at Mr. Bower's glass-works; while here drinking, dancing, and attending the theatre, were such things as I delighted in.

During my stay in Hunslet, I spent nearly all my wages in drink; I went on at such a rate that I was all but lost. I left Hunslet after a residence of a few months, and at this period I was utterly wretched, I felt indeed that the way of a transgressor was hard. After remaining a few weeks at Castleford I returned to York again.

I spent a queer life for about two years. I was once drinking at the Craven Ox Head Inn, George street, and began to play at cards with a man named Lion, a glass-blower, we quarrelled in the tap-room, and he threw a tumbler glass at my head, I was very much hurt; we went out to fight, and I was covered with blood. I fought with him some time, and my wife came to the spot, she cried to the people to take me away, fearing that I should be killed. The blood continued to run from the wound in my head, till I was left as weak as a child; yet I was the master of him, and came off victorious. I went home with my wife, and a companion of mine, named John Byers, and had the wound dressed. The effect of the injury I have felt ever since. My wife at that time, had a life like a dog, she wished frequently to die, her only hope of relief being in the release which death would afford her.

I continued my drinking habits, and gambled at the races. My brother-in-law was a jockey, and I had two nephews in the racing stables, one at Malton and the other at Richmond, so that I had a good chance of knowing the prospects of the races, and other advantages of that kind. I sent to back a horse named Wild Dayrell, and I staked on it all I could get. This was at the Epsom races. I also made a book on the Derby, I laid against anything in the race but the horse I had sent to back. The money with which I carried on this betting I obtained from other people: the horse won, and so I got a nice stake as it then seemed to me. But this only increased my sin and misery, for the money won at the races was soon spent in drink. I associated with a lot of besom makers and gypsies, I wasted my time in drinking, dancing, and similar folly, I sent on that day for six bottles of wine to the glass-works, and gave them to the men, I got so drunk myself that at night I had an attack of delerium tremens. In the morning I got out of bed unable to see, and began to

roll on the floor, I never felt in such a state in my life. I do not wonder at men committing murder or suicide when they are drunk, for I wished I was dead, life was an intolerable burden to me. But I sought the drink yet again.

At the time of which I am writing some bottlemakers came to me from a distance, and I took them to the "Labour in Vain" public house, where I chalked up thirty shillings that night for drink. It was indeed the labour in vain to me. But this was not all, I took them to my house, bought a gallon of ale, a gallon of porter, and a leg of lamb. My wife and mother were almost broken hearted, for I was bringing them with sorrow to the grave. These racing practices continued for some time, and I tried to get happiness out of them, but only God above knows how much misery and guilt they brought upon me. On one occasion I had bet on a horse which I found likely to lose, but it won, and I was so jubilant at the moment that I threw my cap up into the air, and have never seen it since.

One time I had been at the York races, and my wife was with me. As we were returning home through Walmgate, near Church Lane, a nut hawker from Leeds took hold of my wife, I demanded why he did it, when he struck me on the mouth, and we went into the middle of the street to fight; he was a bigger man than myself, and had in his hand a pound weight with which he had weighed his nuts, he struck me over the breast with this, and I fell to the ground in a state of insensibility. They took me to my father's house, and the druggist near Church Lane gave me something in a glass. I never expected to recover, my breast bone was so greatly injured by the blow of the weight. And these are the fruits of drinking and horse racing, broken bones, ruined reputation, guilty conscience, miserable home, and without God and hope. In view of this, is it not wonderful that many who pass for respectable



people should give their countenance and support to horse-racing, and to the public-house system, the prolific source of every kind of sin? O when will this Christian nation shake itself forever free from the grasp of the drink-demon!

I left York for Castleford, where I remained a short time, and then removed to Hunslet. At both of these places I continued my evil practices, and plunged my wife and family into seas of trouble. I left Hunslet for Barnsley. At this time I had no clothes fit to put on, and had only a pair of carpet slippers for my feet, and before I got to Barnsley the soles came off my slippers. I felt at my wits' end, being in a state of utter wretchedness. The night before I left Hunslet, I was at the Punch Bowl drinking and fighting, so that when on my way to Barnsley, my face was sore and much swollen, and being ready to drop with hunger I entered a field to get a turnip by which to appease it. I succeeded in getting work in Barnsley, and went to lodge with a man who lived near the glass works. The first morning I went to work, I got up before the man with whom I lodged, and seeing his boots under the table put them on my feet, and went off to the works; when he looked for his strong working boots with which to go out, they were not to be found. It was wrong of me to do this, but drink blunts a man's sensibilities and fits him for any sinful act. The man sent for a second-hand pair of boots, and went on to his work; he did not treat me harshly, but I drank very heavily while living at this place. One day I asked my master, Mr. Rag, to lend me two pounds with which to send for my wife and furniture from Hunslet; yet I had no furniture, but he kindly let me have the amount, and I spent it all in drink. I do not think I was a day perfectly sober all the time I remained in Barnsley. At one time in Barnsley I was drunk after I got my wages and I was always up to something queer when drunk.

I went into a shop with part of my wages, to buy my wife a pair of stays. I told the shopman that I had a waist like my wife's, and he was to try them on; so, pulling off my coat, the man began to lace the stays on my back, and I paid him half-a-crown for them. I also bought a hat and some ribbon for my little lass; and then went and bought a hare for our Sunday dinner, and when I went to the public-house the men said the hare was bad, which indeed it was; so I went back to the man and told him that if he would not return me my money, I would beat the hare over his head; which I did. I then went home with the hare, the hat, and the stays to my wife—but no money left, wherewith to get anything to eat: so we had to sell the stays, and the hare was thrown on the soil heap.

I worked with a man named Philips, a bottle maker, he was from Bristol, and passed for being a great fighter. At one time we were drinking with others in the workshop, and he struck me on the face; some of my companions backed me against him, and we went into a field to fight. I was desperate at the time, and the man was of no use in the fight, the master came and took him out of the field; ever after he was quiet with me. The same night, I went with Philips and my companions to a low public house, known as the Monkey House; it was a place of resort for thieves, bad women, and rogues of every description. It was the first time I had been in it. We called for a half gallon of ale. Some of the men came and supped of our ale, without asking our permission. I stopped them, and immediately one of them challenged me out to fight. It was a very large tap-room, and we stripped in it to fight. We had not long done this when some others set upon me with their feet, my companions having run off and deserted me. I fought my way out, but was a sad figure. My clothes were torn, my body was sore and sadly bruised, my lips

swollen, and I was almost blind. My wife was living at Barnsley then, and when I went home she did not know me, I was so disfigured. But oh! the horror of next morning, I was a miserable man. When I combed my battered hair it came of in handfulls. I felt lost. There were no clothes in the house fit to wear, and my wife and children were in this respect not better off than myself. I said I went home, but in fact we were in lodgings, having no home of our own. Drunkards know home only by name, or in remembering the happy days fled.

I lost my work, had not a penny in the world, or anything with which to get one. My wife was near her confinement, and we were expected to pay three shillings and sixpence a week for our lodgings. Having no money to pay the people whom we stayed with, and no bread to eat, or coals to the fire—for we occupied a separate room to ourselves—many a day we went without food. Had it not been for some good friends who helped us, we should have died of hunger. Among these friends were Mrs. Pattrick, Mrs. Scholefield, and Mrs. Starks, who showed us great kindness. The Lord reward them. During these times of extreme poverty and destitution, I sometimes went into the streets to gather rags and bones, with which to get something to eat, and occasionally got turnips out of a field, which I and my family ate with salt. The woman where we lived threatened to turn us out if we did not pay the rent. I often wished I was dead as I felt myself ready to fall with hunger, and saw nothing but misery before me. But oh! how I thank God that he did not take me away in my sins to a drunkard's hell, where a drop of water is not obtained. At this period of my distress, the masters threatened to reduce the wages of the glass-blowers. As the men were going to strike, I hoped to get some relief from the Trades' Union, but the secretary told me as I was in arrears with my payments I could not have any relief.



I went home to my wife and three children, and told them I could get no money. We sat down to consider what could be done, and a strange counsel of ways and means it was. We were literally starving. My children cried aloud for bread, and I had none to give them. There seemed no relief for me but in the grave, yet I continued my sinful ways. Sometimes I put a person on a winner at the horse-races, and then I got a little help, but generally only drink was given to me. The great Cambridgeshire stakes were run for about this time, and I put some of my friends on the 1st and 2nd horses, Polestar and Vengeance. The latter horse belonged to Mr. Cook, who was murdered by Palmer, of Rugeley, and Palmer himself owned the former. The woman with whom we lodged told us we must not stay any longer, as we could not pay our rent. My wife thought I had better apply to the Board of Guardians, and I did so, but they would not give me any money; they, however, offered to give me an order for the workhouse. I went and told my wife, who fretted very much but I said before I would work for the reduced wages while the men were out on strike, I would go to the workhouse. I was very ill for want of proper food. Just at this time the secretary of the Union sent for me, and gave me eighteen shillings, which was two weeks' pay for a man out on strike. He told me that all the men in the trade in Yorkshire were getting that amount. With this money in hand the first thing I did was to enter a public-house. It was a base deed to go there before carrying relief home. But only a drunkard knows what a fearful thing the drink-appetite is. Its formation should be dreaded as the approach of a pestilence or famine.

This money brought us some relief however; we payed our rent, and were enabled to stay on in our lodgings. But with the nine shillings a week we were poorly off, for when three and sixpence had been paid

for rent and a shilling for coal, very little remained to keep myself, my wife, and three children. My father at York heard of my poverty, and sent for me to go and live with him. He said the relief of the Trades' Union would help me, and I might get a day or two of work occasionally. I asked the secretary of the Union if he would allow me the money at York, he kindly said they would do so, and I removed with my family once more to the city of my nativity. Just before leaving Barnsley for York, one of the masters sent for me and Philips, to see if we would work with the apprentices; but we refused to go and see him. He promised to give us as much ale as we could drink, and also something to eat, and in addition would give us five pounds each if we would go. But we declined his proposals, and would have died of hunger rather than be black sheep. When we left Barnsley the woman where we lodged kept our boxes for the week's rent. She could not gain much in that case, for all they contained was not worth two shillings. At York, my brother-in-law, John Sunderland, was the secretary. He was a bad man, and a great villain to his wife, my sister, and to all the rest of the family. He got it passed at the club that my pay of nine shillings a week was to be stopped, or, if I wanted it, I must go to Barnsley for it. The parish was keeping my poor blind mother, and the guardians said that if she and my father could harbour me and my family, they would take off mother's pay. As my parents had plenty to do for themselves, I left them, and went to Castleford, to see for my strike-pay, feeling on the journey the keenness of hunger. This took place in the year 1856.

It was in the depth of winter, and I walked all the way, a distance of twenty-one miles. The club by this time came to the conclusion that I should have my money, and I returned to York; but Sunderland, even then, put me to great inconvenience, keeping the money

in his pocket sometimes till eleven o'clock on Saturday night, when it was almost too late to purchase anything for the Sunday. My brother James received us to his house, but he soon tired of us, for I continued to drink whenever I could, and my brother was a teetotaler, so that my drunkenness frequently annoyed him. He told me he could not do with us any longer, and we had to shift on to the street. It was a dreadful night. The wind was blowing, and there was snow on the ground; yet we had to wander about the streets, not knowing where to go. My wife and children were at my side fretting and shivering, and we none of us had clothes adequate to keep out the cold. My children wanted bread, but I had none to give them, no money at my command, and not a friend in the world willing to help me, except my parents, who could not. Let imagination present the gloomy picture, for I have no ability to tell of the bitter woe of that forlorn condition. Think of a homeless family on the hard street, with cold night and misery for companions! A glass bottle maker, who was in York from Hunslet, and on strike, met us on the street, and gave me a red herring, which I ate with avidity. My wife said she would go to her father's, and see if he would take us in for the night, after which we would get an order for the Workhouse. But he would not give us admission: he said we had got married, and must make the best of it. He was himself out of work at the time, and thought it would have a better effect upon me to discourage than to help me. And it is a fact that men have sometimes to be severely chastised before they will reform. Young thus puts it:—

“Lorenzo, dost thou feel these arguments?

Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?”

Having been rejected a harbour at the house of my wife's father and mother, I said to my wife, “what shall we do?” We had no shelter from the pitiless night,



the cry of my children for bread continued, and amid the cold blasts I was almost frantic. Conscience spoke, and I knew that this misery was, to a great extent, self-inflicted, and the pang was keener as I thought of the innocent suffering with the guilty. Help sometimes comes in a way and from quarters last looked for; so it happened this night. As we wandered on the street we met an old Irish woman who knew my wife. She took us in and made us some coffee, but had no means of letting us sleep under her roof, we were obliged, therefore, to leave. She gave us a penny, and said there was an empty house up a narrow passage, that we could shake the shutters open and get in, and that the penny would do for coals with which to light the house and keep us warm. We did as she requested us, and stayed in the empty house the rest of the night. But we were very cold, for the fire did not last long.

The next day my wife called on one of the overseers, who shut the door in her face, and refused any relief. She went to another person, who gave her sixpence. While we were in this unhappy state I went to the Guardians of the poor to ask for help. They told me I ought to be sent to prison, that I had work and would not do it, though at the time I was out with the men on strike. The overseer's name was Hodgson, who said he would not give me an order for the workhouse, I was to go to my work. I told him if he would not I should strike him over the nose, and at the same time I made the attempt to hit him across the table. With much to do I got an order, and to the workhouse I and my family went. But let me close this chapter; it is fitting that there should be a pause here. Drink is the way to misery, beggary, and ruin. It is a broad road to destruction, and alas! many stagger down it. The workhouse is one of the stations on the railroad-track to damnation. Only one, but it is a station, and at it we must wait the turn of affairs.

## Chapter 4.

## THE WORKHOUSE.

“There are thoughts of which I may not speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die ;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart break,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.”—*Longfellow.*

THE year 1857 had just opened, and I want the reader to imagine he sees me and my wife, with three children, on our way to the Workhouse. Having arrived there the dreary separation began. Our children were taken from us, and then they parted my wife from me, she was taken in one direction and I in another. I was pushed into the receiving ward, where I had to strip off all my old clothes and wash myself. There were other paupers besides myself in this ward. I had a most unfortunate genius or propensity for getting into trouble, and I had the misfortune to do so the very first night I spent in the workhouse. While we were in the bath room, where there was hot and cold water, I turned the hot water tap on one of the men in a bath, and I need not say he felt it very disagreeable. When the warder came in to the bath room the man told him what I had done. As a penalty my supper was stopped ; this man, on whom I had turned the hot water, was appointed to sleep with me. We quarrelled in bed, and my angry supperless stomach, gave energy to my determination, and I pushed the man out on to the floor ; he complained in the morning and my dinner was stopped. It is not difficult to imagine how hungry and weak, and miserable I was on this workhouse fare.

I was taken ill while in the workhouse, and the authorities sent me to the hospital. In the sick ward where they placed me were eight men besides myself, and there were ten beds in the room; these men were all drunkards, and it was through drink they had found their way to the hospital of that workhouse. They were men of the lowest character; one being a swing-boat man, another a rag and bone gatherer, the next a nut hawker, and the remnant were made up of a sailor, a tramp, a publican, &c. It was wintry weather, and we sat over the fire, or as I ought in justice to say, over the spark, almost starved to death; sometimes we had no fire at all and so we lay in bed. Our conversation turned upon the cause of our being in the workhouse, and the particulars of our previous life; some of the men were as bad as the devil could make them, and one man had not lain in a bed for years, before he came to the workhouse; his places of resort had been barns, haystacks, and kindred places: several of them had been frequently in prison for being drunk and disorderly, while others had been taken there for robbery.

The rules of the workhouse required those who were well, to rise when the bell rang every morning at six o'clock. We had then to fare on six ounces of bread and a pint of "skilly," the warder brought them to us on a board, and we used to scramble for the crusty part of the bread. We could almost have eaten our finger ends off after such a breakfast, which was too little to live on till twelve o'clock. At that hour the bell rang again, when we had given to us six ounces more of bread, and a pint of soup, which was like greasy water. This was our Monday dinner. On Tuesday, we had meat and potatoes, same on Wednesday, there was a change to suet dumpling on Thursday, and on Friday we had meat and potatoe pie. These gave place to soup on Saturday, and to meat and potatoes on Sunday. I could have eaten all my week's dinners at a meal.



There was too little, and the stuff we had was of an inferior kind; in fact, pigs are often better served than we were.

While I was in the hospital, some of the sick could not eat their rations, and they were put aside to save for next morning. Sometimes I crept on my hands and knees to get these left rations, and as I did it in the early morning no person observed me. At one time another man and I watched an old Irishman who was dying in our ward of the hospital, he had been a nut hawker; his name was Wood. He could not eat much in his illness, and I watched closely to get the victuals he left; the other man, who was going out next day, was eager to get possession of the dying man's boots, they being so much better than his own. With a shudder of horror, truth compels me to relate that as soon as the spirit had left the old man's body, I got the meal and the other man his boots. After the Irishman's death, a Catholic Priest came to see him, and to perform a ceremony over him. I was at that time a believer in the Roman Catholic faith; I asked the priest if the man was saved, and he said he was all right. Even here I was a terror to the other paupers. I cared not what I did, I had no fear of the prison, for I thought I should fare better there rather than worse. Sometimes we sang songs, and on one occasion the master came to tell me if I did not cease he would put me into the cell. I began to sing again as soon as his back was turned, and he having heard me, returned and caught me by the collar of my coat. I instantly took hold of him, and we both struggled together till we fell to the floor. I got up and stood before him with my fist clenched, and challenged him out to fight. He got me turned out of the sick ward, and put among the old men. I was such a torment in this ward that the doctor soon ordered me back to the hospital. A little after this I was ordered to pick oakum. I and some others stopped



up the pipes of the water closet with it, and the master not knowing who had done so, took a dinner from eight of us.

There was one man in the same room as myself who was about fourteen stones weight, and nearly six feet high, he went by the name of Big Joe. This man was the master's great favourite, and he informed of me for stopping up the pipes with oakum; the master therefore took off my "skilly" for the day. This resulted in a fight between myself and Big Joe. I only once saw my wife and children all the time I was in the workhouse. There was preaching on the Sunday but I would not go to it. I sent to some of my companions to come and see me, but none of them came. When a man is down in the world he is not much cared for. My father and mother could not come, for he had been seized with a palsy, and she was blind. At length, however some friends from a distance came to see me, and brought me a present of tea and sugar. After I had made tea in the workhouse, some of the paupers begged the leaves, which they dried and afterwards smoked instead of tobacco. Their pipes were as unique as the material they smoked, for they were made by themselves of potatoes and straw, the ordinary pipe not being allowed to enter the place. The life of this workhouse was various and sometimes very strange, I had occasionally to fight for my rights, and many times to defend myself from wrongs. Eight men died in the place while I was there, and in the ward where I was located. I am afraid they were not prepared for another world, unless it was a preparation for the region of woe. A clergyman came once a week to visit us and he read the bible at the time of his visit, but I fear it produced no good effect upon our obdurate hearts.

The room beneath ours was the idiot ward, and I thought our ward was not much better, or we should not have been in it, for we had lost all good sense and

good conduct, if we had not lost our reason altogether. The friends of the sailor who was in my ward, sent him five pounds, and he resolved to leave. Just at this time some old racing friends, who were colliers at Methley, near Leeds, sent me ten shillings. The master of the workhouse wanted to take this from me, but I told him I was going out the next day with the sailor. I bid all my workhouse friends good bye, and left as I had told the master I should. My wife and children left with me; the warders gave us some beef and bread as we were leaving, I asked one of them to give me the clothes then on my back, for they were better than my own in which I went, and the clothes I wanted to beg were nothing extra being only fustian, and the coat was too big while the trousers were too little, like the ladies' dresses of Tallyrand's day, they began too late and ended too soon. Think of my *tout ensemble* with a coat too long and trousers too short! My number was 88.

The gates of the workhouse closed at my back, and there I was with my wife and children again, with ten shillings in my pocket, and the wide world before us. My wife asked where we were to go for a home? I said, "We will go and take a house." "But," said she, "how are we to pay the rent, when you have no work?" I answered her, "Never mind the rent,—the landlord may jump up for the rent!" My next act was to leave my wife to go where she liked, while I went and got drunk with the sailor who had left the workhouse with me. I soon took a house, however, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that it was no improvement upon the workhouse wards. The house was in a yard near Walmgate, and was a very dirty place; the panels of the doors were broken, and the glass was out of the windows. I bought two old chairs, and a table, and some flour, coffee, sugar, &c., but had to make an old gingerbeer-bottle serve as candlestick, and

having no bed-clothes or bed of any kind, we were almost starved to death. I had no earthly prospect of paying the rent, and when our money was spent we had to hunger: many a day passed in which we had no meal. My wife turned out to seek work, and I went to the railway-station to see if I could get any parcels to carry, although I was nearly falling on the flags with hunger. I was so starved that at one time some cheap butchers from Bradford were selling meat in the York market, and I stood to watch them drop little scraps by accident, which I picked up, and devoured them raw. At this time, I really thought of putting an end to my miserable life. None can tell, except those who have passed through it, how terrible is such a state of want and woe. While we were out in search of work, we locked the children in the house, and our youngest child, a little boy, was almost a cripple with sitting all day on an old chair. For a period of eight months we lived, not knowing when we got one meal, where the next was to come from.

For three years I was out of work as a glass-blower, and frequently during this time, I went to races, while my poor wife did the best she could by working for herself and the children. If people, generally, knew what I know of horse-racing, they would have nothing to do with it,—it is a system of cruelty and immorality of the basest kind, and in a monetary sense, is dead robbery. Some men paid my fare to Doncaster races at one time, and from my brother at Malton, who was in the stables there, I learnt which horse was likely to win the St. Leger, and wrote to many of my friends, telling them which horse to back. When that horse won, they flock'd around me, gave me money, and plenty to eat and drink. I was a week at Doncaster, and lived well, having ham and eggs to breakfast and tea, while my wife and children were almost starving at York. After the St. Leger day, I and some companions



went to the "Coach and Horses" at Doncaster, and spent our time in drinking and revelry. They wanted me to see the horses gallop, and I went with them to the race-course again. Some of them asked me to join in robbing a man who had won many hundred pounds, but this I would not do, so I went back to Doncaster alone, and not being able to find the men who paid my expenses, and wanting some place to sleep in, I went to the police-office and slept there about half-an-hour, until the superintendent came, and turned me out. I then walked from one public-house to another in search of my companions, and at length got to a ball at a large Inn. The company present were dressed in a very gay manner, and were engaged in dancing. I was dressed in corduroy trousers, and an old coat with the elbows out, my boots being on a par with the rest. I commenced to dance, and having had a great deal of practice in the art, they treated me with some consideration. I got plenty of punch given, and at length was so drunk that I wanted to fight the waiters. At three o'clock in the morning a policeman came in and put me out. After sleeping for some time in a cart, I awoke, and went to seek my companions. I found them in a dram-shop, and soon after I went to get something to eat, and to drink more ale.

During that week I spent a large amount of money; it came badly and went badly. My companions and I left Doncaster in an omnibus, going by way of Askern and Selby, to York. I had no money left when we arrived at York. My wife had to go out to work, and our bed to rest on was only a bundle of straw. When the racing season was over, my friends of the turf forsook me, and it was hard work getting through the winter. Sometimes a woman, named Mrs. Skidmore, brought food for my children. The men in my own trade at York often treated me ill. They would not give me a day's labour when any of the men were off work,



from sickness or other cause. Some of them, occasionally, passed by me, and Charles Steel, who was also out of work, and they would give him a sixpence; but they refused to help me, and looked upon me as a black sheep. Since then, however, some of these men have come to want bread, while I have had plenty, and to spare. When they have crossed my paths I have never retaliated. At the time of my poverty, to which I have just now referred, I tried all sorts of things by which to gain honest bread. I gleaned potatoes and corn, removed night-soil, &c. At Christmas time I got twelve shillings a week for a few weeks, being employed by a confectioner, to squeeze lemons, and other work of that kind. For a time I went to turn the blast wheel at Mr. Bogley's foundry, Walmgate, York. I got a shilling for this on the day when the metal was melted. It was all I had to depend on. Once I went to turn when I had not eaten anything that day or the day before it. My strength was gone, and the wheel threw me over, and hurt my back. I went home as best I could, feeling at the same time what it was to be helpless, penniless, and friendless.

One morning of the winter I am describing, we came down stairs almost starved to death, having no coals, or bread, or money. We had only dry bread and coffee, without sugar, during the week before, and sometimes not even these. The night before the morning to which I refer, I had been drinking with some men who gave me the drink. This brought on the horrors known only to drunkards. When I got up from my straw bed, to go down stairs, I was saluted by the cries of my children for bread. My wife said, "What can we do?" The devil then tempted me to put them all out of existence, and myself too. At this moment a knock came to the door. It was the postman with a letter, which he said contained cash. When I opened it, a half sovereign dropped out, and I

was thus mercifully prevented from committing the horrible deed I had been tempted to commit. The half-sovereign was sent by two young men at Rotherham, George Steel and Robert Hill, glassblowers. With this money we bought bread, coal and coffee; after which I went to the Brown Cow to get some dinner. During these times of distress, I did not make my situation known in York, or very probably I should often have got assistance when I did not.

One Sunday morning as I was walking out, fit to drop through want, I met some of my companions who would at times sneer at me for having been in the workhouse; I could not bear this, for I thought I had done a right thing, to prefer going to the workhouse to being a "black sheep" at the works. A glassblower taunted me with having been in the workhouse, and we went to Low Moor, about a mile out of York, where a ring was formed, and we fought nearly half-an-hour. There were many persons collected together to see the fight. I got the better of him, however, and had I been stronger with a sufficient supply of food, the affair would have been settled sooner. O the wickedness of my heart and life at this time, to fight on the blessed Sabbath God had given us for rest! It was arranged that this man and I were to fight at another time. His head was swollen, and my hands were so sore that I could not bear to have them touched, while my lips were so swollen I could scarcely eat. I did not fight the man again, however, but became more friendly than before, and he gave me many a sixpence when I had nothing to eat.

But I went on still in my evil course of drinking. One day I went to my father's house. He used mercury in the curing of birds. I got some of it out of a paper, and went home. My little boy was sitting on the floor, and I tried to give him some. I was desirous of poisoning him and myself, that there might be

an end put to our misery. The child rejected the mercury when I offered to put it in his mouth. Just at that time a person came into the house, and I staggered up stairs and fell asleep on my wretched bed of straw. When I came to myself I found the mercury in my pocket. O the mercy of God in saving me from the crime of murder! But I do not wonder, when I think of my own experience, that so many murders are committed by persons under the influence of drink.

At one time when we had no bread in the house, I went to a baker in York, whom I had helped with information at the Malton races; and as I had put him on the winners he gave me ten shillings, which brought us partial relief. Such was the precarious state of our existence. I managed to buy an old chaff bed at this time, and it was a great blessing to us just as winter was coming on. My wife went out to wash, and for a time I stayed at home to take care of the children. One day I locked them in the house, and went to see if I could get anything to drink. I entered the "Brown Cow" and succeeded in finding some. I drank all that day. My wife was washing at the time over Peasholme-green Bridge. About eight o'clock at night a man came to the "Brown Cow" and told me that my wife was dead. I was then singing a lewd song, and had a pint of ale on the table before me. I said I would not go till the ale was drunk off; but the men in the house prevailed on me to go. I took the nearest way to where my wife had been at work; and when I got there I found the room in which she lay covered with blood, and her lying in the midst of it. There was a number of women with her, and she was not dead; but had broken a blood vessel in her leg. A doctor had been called to attend upon her, and the bleeding was stopt. When I arrived she looked like a corpse, and on seeing me exclaimed, "Bob, where are my bairns? have they had anything to eat to-day? Bob,



do be a better man; do give up drinking, and be a sober man." She thought herself dying. Some friends paid for a cab, which took her home; but six weeks passed before she could walk. This was a dreadfully wretched time. Winter came on and we had no coals, or bread, or requisite apparel. We were cold and hungry both day and night. We had not, at this time, a penny in the house; and for days had nothing to keep soul and body together. We were literally starving to death.

One night I was drinking with some of my old companions, and next day I suffered even beyond anything I had suffered before. There was snow on the ground, and it was a piercing cold day. My reason almost forsook me. My wife asked me what we were to do; the bairns had nothing to eat, and there was no fire to warm their stiffening limbs. I had, too, the most dreadful horrors from drink; and the devil tempted me to put an end to myself. *Delirium tremens*—the indescribable penalty of drinking—made me feel as if hell had already broken loose upon me. I hope the reader will not think that I have exceeded the plain truth in this simple and veritable narrative. Alas! it is a too true tale, and another chapter must yet be added. But just think of the home without furniture, or fire, or bed, or bread. Of the heart without purity, or peace, or hope, or God! Of the gathering together of poverty, guilt, misery, self-contempt, friendlessness, and other woes unutterable. It would require the pen of a Dante to describe the drunkard's "*Inferno*." But, thank God, whose goodness and mercy have ever followed me, the harvest is not past, the summer is not ended—*I am saved!* Oh! "Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should end?"



## Chapter 5.

## THE WOES OF DRINKING AND HORSE-RACING.

“O thou invisible spirit of wine,  
If thou hast no name to be known by,  
Let us call thee devil!”—*Shakespeare.*

DRINKING and horse-racing continued to be the desire of my wicked heart. At the Doncaster races I won a considerable sum of money on the Northumberland plate; the name of the winning horse being Underhand. I joined with a man who was a moulder in York. He drew the money unknown to me, and when I went in search of him I found him in the “Porter Vaults” tap-room, in the Shambles, spending the money, and in this he was assisted by some other men. When I asked for my share of the money, he replied that he hadn’t it. I told him that I intended having it, when he jumped up, and gave me a black eye. I did not fight with him; but one of his companions struck me down to the floor, and he who had the money ran off home. The man who knocked me down expressed sorrow for having done so, and said they had no money left with which to buy drink. I told them if they would accompany me to the “Golden Barrel” in Walmgate, I could get more drink. So they went with me to this place, and I called for a quart of ale. Some of my companions were there, and I told them what had been done to me at the “Porter Vaults.” One of them said, “If he sups, hit him.” This I did when the man came to drink out of my quart, and the result was a hand to hand fight. I was rather afraid of the man at first, for he was two or three stones

heavier than myself. We stripped however, and went out to the wicked encounter. He soon proved to be a great coward, and with his companions took off. The man who got the money, won in the race of Underhand, part of which I ought to have had, died soon after our affray in the Shambles. He drank and attended races till he lost his reason, and his death took place in the asylum.

Soon after the events just recorded, I went on tramp in search of work in my own trade: going to Castleford and thence to Hunslet. At the latter place I stayed a short time, and repeated my usual folly. I met an old companion, named Jack Brown, who has since died. We got drunk one day at the "Prince of Wales," and when our money was all spent, started off to the "Punch Bowl,"—not an improper name, for I have been *punched* in it many a time. When on our way to this place, we met the postman with letters, and he had also two herrings in his hands. Brown and I stopped him, and for a "lark" took the herrings by the tails and beat his face with them, till it was covered with the least agreeable parts of the herrings. He shouted for the police, and we made off, and so evaded arrest. I had a companion in Hunslet, at this time, named Bill Ryan, a flint glass maker. I went to see him one day when I had a good coat on my back, but it was not paid for. Ryan was hard up—having been drinking for some time. I told him if he liked I would pawn my coat till Saturday. He agreed to the proposal, and so the good coat went to the pawn shop. I have often felt persuaded that pawn-brokers greatly assist the public-houses, and also help the miserable victims of drink to a speedier ruin. My coat brought ten shillings, which disappeared in the till of the publican. I was thus left without a coat; my shirt was torn, and the rain fell fast. I wanted to go to York, and so told Ryan I had some money, at the same time

requesting him to lend me his coat until I should get my own from the pawnbroker's. He lent me his coat for that purpose, and instead of getting my own I started off to York in Ryan's coat. As a reward for this kind of dishonourable, sinful life, I have often had to pass through seas of misery. I have learned to know literally that "The way of transgressors is hard." I have slept in glass-houses, barns, hay-stacks, old carts, and all sorts of places, passing through hunger and thirst, when I might have had a happy home.

I was once drinking at the "Prince of Wales," Hunslet, and gambling with some of my companions. Jack Brown was robbed of a shilling, which led to a quarrel. A terrible fight followed. The police entered and the storm was hushed. But I was in an awful state next morning; my eyes being black and swollen, my whole body sore, and my soul in misery. But I went again in the same evil courses. How truthful are the words of Solomon:—"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."—PROVERBS, XXVII., 22. I went on one occasion to the "Casino," in Leeds, somebody stole the drink that belonged to me and my companion. We were up in the gallery, and became very quarrelsome when our drink was stolen; we would almost as soon have lost our lives as our drink. Such is its power over its votaries. One of the men came to interfere, and we almost threw him from the gallery into the pit. He narrowly escaped with his life. Such are the dangers, sins, and follies of drinking. I returned home to York,—if home such a place as I dwelt in could be called. The landlord appeared determined to get us out of his house, or make us pay the rent. I told him, in my reckless way, to sell us up. At this very time my inventory did not include more than the following things, namely:—two old chairs, for which I had given ninepence; a table,



for which I had payed the sum of one shilling and sixpence; a ginger beer bottle served the office of a candlestick; and a piece of old hoop was, in our extreme poverty, raised to the dignity of a fender. In addition we had a straw-bed, and a few old pots; but the entire lot would not be worth more than six shillings. I ought not to forget to mention that I had a lemon box which I had begged from a confectioner, in order to put what, in the absence of a better name, I call "old traps." What furniture, forsooth, to sell for rent! If it had not been for my cousins, John Dickinson and Henry Skidmore, who helped us, we should have died with hunger. But my chief longing was for drink. I would have it if possible. And it is wonderful to what mean schemes men will resort to obtain drink. On one occasion I got drunk somehow; and in a state of intoxication fell asleep. When I awoke my neck was immoveable; somebody having fastened a log of wood to it, in weight, about four or five stones. But that was not the only weight to drag me down. My appetite for drink was weighing me down to perdition.

I plunged into horse-racing again in order to obtain more drink. I, one day, entered the York race course without a penny; but I was well known to many there, and an opportunity of drinking soon offered itself. Lots of men came to me to get their cards marked, and they gave me both drink and money. Some of them asked me which horses they were to back, and I told them of a horse which I thought would not win, thus misleading them. But they gave me half-a-crown, and some of them gave me five shillings, to back the horse I had said was likely to win. I, however, backed the horse I believed would win; and when those who gave me the money thought I was a loser, I had won, and the money was my own. These were the tricks I played in order to get money; but little of it went home, the chief part being spent in drinking. The



reader will perceive the ill tricks of the race course, which is one of the highways to the gallows, and to everlasting destruction. I went on from races to races, till the people of York regarded me as knowing almost everything about horse-racing. I was known by all the card takers, the "touts," and a great number of the jockies. At all the races I wore the same clothes, having only one suit for many years, and this rendered me "knowable" at the first glance. The men often ran up to me and said, "Bob, which is going to win?" The information given in return brought me money and drink. I am very sorry as I review these acts I have done many things I am ashamed to trumpet abroad; but I am anxious to stand as a beacon-light on the path of the youthful transgressor.

As I was at the York races betting, almost lost in rags and misery, there came a glass-bottle maker from Hunslet, named James Nuns, who asked me if I would go to work were a place to offer itself to me in my own trade; I very reluctantly said yes, and found he wanted me to go and work at Hunslet, so that he and others might get information on horse-racing. After having been out of work between two and three years, amid wretchedness and want, I started off for Hunslet to resume my old employment. And alas! I resumed my old practices also. I took badly to work at first; my hands, and feet, and lips became very sore, and continued so for a while. I was in lodgings for a time; but not liking them I took a dilapidated house with one room, and a great coal-hole, the rent being eight-pence per week. I had not a bit of furniture to put in the house I took, not even the day my wife came to reside there. The day previous to her coming I got drunk, and stopped away from the works; when the manager asked me why I had not attended to my work, I said, most wickedly, that I had been helping my wife with the furniture; the truth being that every

thing we were worth in furniture and clothes came in a lemon box. The man I had lodged with lent me two old hair-bottomed chairs, which I have in my cellar at this day, and a few other old things besides he let me have. I constantly got drunk, spending every penny I could get in the purchase of drink, and my companions were ever ready to offer me more. Sometimes they filled a bucket with it, and placing it on the table, allowed anyone who entered the room, to drink with them on payment of one penny.

During my stay in Hunslet I frequently got into mischief. One day, when along with others I was drinking, we saw a man hawking paper flags to sell for rags and bones. We resolved on having some fun with him, and so seized all the poor fellow's flags, and ran off with them. He shouted loudly for the police, and afterwards came to ask us to pay for them. We gave the man some drink instead, and that made the affair all right. I don't think I was a clear day really sober while I remained in Hunslet. I even spent the Sabbaths in drinking and all kinds of wickedness. One day I wanted to have a "spree" in Leeds, but had no money. Many schemes I tried to get some, and at last succeeded. One of my companions owned a brass cornet, and while he was at work, I went to his wife, and told her that he had sent me for it, as he had found a customer for the instrument. Having obtained it, I set off and pawned it in Leeds for seven shillings. When my companion went home, and discovered my villainous trick, he started off in search of me, and finding me drunk in Leeds, he hired a cab to convey us home. On our way I fell off the cab, but providentially escaped what might have been instant death. However, I am grieved to say no warning seemed to produce any salutary effect, for my evil habits still continued to hold sway.

I remember that some of my boon companions and

myself were one Sunday morning in search of a place to get some drink, when we came to a chapel at Hunslet the members and scholars were singing; I was affected by this, and felt the Spirit of God calling me to give up my sinful ways in such a manner as I had never felt before. I had many times thought of forsaking my evil habits, by breaking loose from the chains which bound me fast in darkness and woe; but this time the tears rolled down my face, and I wished my children were like those happy ones then singing so sweetly. I believe the tune they were singing was called *Rockingham*. I tried to get away from my companions; but the power of evil was mighty upon me, and I yielded again to Satan's temptation, and got drunk. I believe if any one had invited me to the chapel that day, I should have gone; but no such invitation was given, and drink allured me to its scenes of sin and sorrow.

About this time I was not only miserable in mind, but my bodily health gave way; and, as if to increase the misfortune, I lost my work for drinking. This led to my removal from Hunslet to Castleford. I got employment at Mr. Winterbottom's glassworks. Many old companions were here, and I drank very frequently. Such was my love for drink, that I sometimes drank as much as twenty-eight pints of ale a day. The glass-bottle makers drank very heavily. They made good wages—two or three pounds per week, and they also made bad laws in order to get drink. One law was, if a man did not get shaved on Saturday and come to work on Monday, he had to pay 1s. If he had on a dirty shirt, 1s. If he got a new coat, 1s.; and for fighting in the shop, he was fined 2s. 6d. If a man was not ready to start work with the others, he was fetched in a barrow to his work by his shopmates armed with besoms and sticks, and had to pay 2s. 6d. for the carriage. There was also a fine of 2s. 6d. for beating a wife,—a fine which I often paid; and many times I



had to pay it without having transgressed, but I did not object, so long as it all was spent in drink. There were many foolish fines to get drink, which have now become extinct. One time I bought a coat for 1s. 6d., and had to pay as usual 1s. to be allowed to wear it. If a man did not pay he was buffeted.

I got lodgings at the "Alma" inn, Hightown. One of my companions, who came with me from Hunslet, lodged at the same place. I left my wife behind. At one time there was a dance at the "White Hart," and I was anxious to go, but had no shirt fit to put on; so I went into the box of my companion, and put on the best he had there, after which I started for the dance, and spent the time between dancing and drinking. I left the "Alma," and went to reside in lodgings at the "Pottery." I practised many strange freaks while living here. My wages, which were good, I spent upon myself, and gave nothing to my wife. Soon I felt my health getting worse: the penalty of many long years of transgression at length I began to receive. I had been working all night, and was drinking the next day, which was Saturday. I entered Mrs. Brown's public-house, and a companion of mine began to quarrel with me, and struck me on the eye, which became black and swollen. This act of his induced me to pull off my old coat and vest, and then we went into the yard to fight. While we were fighting somebody stole my vest, in one pocket of which was my money, for my trousers' pockets were too bad to hold it; and I have never to this day seen either the vest or the money it contained. After this fight was over I wanted to fight with some other person, so the landlady sent for a policeman to arrest me. My shirt was torn off my back, and I had no money for my wife and children; but I escaped the clutches of the policeman.

Soon after this I was drinking at the glassworks, where the master sold drink, as is the custom in many



workshops, and an evil custom it is; but the master refused to let me have any more on that day, so I left my work to fetch some. I had no coat or vest on, and my old braces were tied around my body, while my shirt was patched almost all over, and rotten. As I was crossing the railway at the gates near the glassworks, the gate-keeper called to me to stop; but being drunk I did not heed him. The express train was in sight when he shouted, and would soon have been upon me; but the man snatched hold of me by the front of my shirt, and a part of the train caught hold of the back of my shirt which was torn to rags, some of it going, as I was told, with the train. I and the gate-keeper fell on the line just as the train had passed, and some of my workfellows thought I was killed. It gave me a sad shock, and created great alarm; men came out of public-houses and workshops to gaze and enquire. I had indeed a narrow escape from death. I did not go to the "Alma," but returned to the glassworks almost dead with fear. Some of my workfellows were religious, belonging to the Wesleyans. Among these were Robert Flowett, Allen Hampshire, and W. Lindsay, who came to me and talked about my soul, and told me of Jesus, at the same time asking me if it was not time to give up my wicked ways. I wept much. My wife had been told that I was killed, and she came to the scene almost frantic. At this time I said I would not taste of drink any more; but ah! I was weak in my own strength, and again yielded to the temptation which lay directly on my path. My master, Mr. Winterbottom, who is now dead, sent for me into the office, and said if I had been killed on the line what a disgrace I should have brought on him for selling me the drink. This was the awaking up of the conscience of the seller, who must stand side by side in judgment with the victims of his unholy gains. I would that both drinkers and sellers could take this to heart!

At one time I had been drinking all the week, and had spent all my wages except 1s. 6d I went home, and fell asleep, and my wife got the little I had left out of my pocket, and went to buy meat for our Sunday dinner. I happened to wake, and discovering my loss, went in search of my wife. I met her returning with the meat, and although she pleaded piteously against it, I took the meat and flung it over into a field, and threatened to kill her if she fetched it, and we never saw the meat again.

The old appetite for drink was strong in me, but I felt a desire, at this period, to master it. My convictions too were strong. I felt that I could not shake off the words Robert Flowett had spoken to me. I could find no rest night or day; but as the convictions forced themselves upon me, I fled to drinking, with the hope of drowning my bitter thoughts. But Robert Flowett would not leave me quiet. I began to sing at the works such words as these:—

“Be it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude :  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.”

Robert talked to me about going to the chapel, and though I drank very heavily that week, his words never left me. On the Saturday following I got drunk and spent all my wages. My wife had taken a house at the Pottery; but we had no bed to lie down on, so I went into my master's straw stack and took a large arm-full of his straw home with which I made a bed. We had then two old chairs and a table which my wife had brought from Hunslet. When I entered the house my wife sat fretting, she had nothing to eat, and wished that herself and our children were dead. I had a knife in my hand which I had recently bought, and

with this threatened to kill my wife, when she escaped by flight into a neighbour's house. I staggered up stairs to my straw bed, and there fell asleep.

Next morning Mr. Everson, a Wesleyan local preacher, and James Rogers, came to see if I would go to Methley, to the chapel there. My wife came up stairs to me with her face swollen, and her apron stained with blood, the effects of my fiendish conduct the previous night. I refused to go with them to Methley: the fact was if I had felt disposed I had not clothes fit to go out with. Mr. Everson said I had promised him one night that I would go, and he pressed me hard; but I refused. The next day, Monday, I went to work, and got no drink that day. My state was wretched in the extreme. I thought of my sad condition, and could not tell how to escape it. Self-destruction was suggested to my mind, for anything seemed a relief. My workfellows kept asking what was amiss with me, for they observed a change. But I could not explain, though I felt it was the weight of guilt lying heavy upon my soul. When my work was done Robert Flowett asked me to go with him to Mr. Everson's class meeting, at seven o'clock that evening, I promised him that I would, and I kept my promise.



## Chapter 6.

### THE MORNING OF HOPE DAWNS.

“ Though in the secret paths of sin I trod,  
 Yet do not quite forsake me, O my God!  
 'Tis Thou alone can'st ease me of my pain,  
 Thy healing hand can wash out every stain,  
 Can cleanse my soul, and make the leper clean.  
 Speak, love divine, and bid the suppliant live,  
 Oh, let mine ear but hail the word, Forgive!”—*Daniel.*

AFTER having attended to the refreshment of my body, at the close of my labour, on the day named at the end of last chapter, I went with Christopher Spence into the fields in search of herbs, with which to make beer. This man, like myself, was a glass-blower and fond of drink. He fought frequently, and on one occasion awoke to find himself in the mire by the road side, and his body bruised and bloody. At another time he fell into a pond about midnight, and would have perished in this state of drunkenness had not a person passing at the moment rescued him. O the horrors, sins, and dangers of a drunkard's life! Nay, it is in fact a living death. Spence is now a converted man: he found peace with God about two years ago, at the close of a sermon preached by the Rev. J. S. Balmer, in Providence Chapel, Castleford; and he is a useful member of the church worshipping there. Upon my return home from herb gathering with C. Spence, Robert Flowett called to enquire if I was ready to go with him to the class meeting. My wife had lost all faith in me, for I had promised so often only to break my promises. But I consented to go with R. Flowett to the class meeting, and he took me by the river side



so that I might not meet any of my old companions, and by them be drawn off my purpose. I had felt the agony of guilt while wandering in the fields, and as I passed down the bank of the river, and looked at the water, I thought its cold bed would be a grave for my wretchedness, where I could bury my life and misery at once.

But the class meeting was reached. and it was the first time I had ever attended one. There I fell on my knees and began to cry, "Lord, help me," while the tears rolled down my cheeks, and my heart was ready to break. Those present prayed for me. I remember that I had no pocket-handkerchief with which to wipe away my tears; but John Roberts lent me his, which was soon saturated. I wrestled long in prayer; but hope sprang up, and at length, by faith in the atoning work of Jesus, my soul found peace and liberty. The change in my feelings was indescribable, I was made very happy. At the close of the meeting I went to my wretched home, and as soon as I got in fell down on my knees to thank God for the change he had wrought in me, and to entreat him to keep me in this good way. Some of the neighbours thought I had gone wrong in my mind; but I felt the time had come when I was getting righted; I had been wrong in my head, and heart, and home, long enough,—ay, too long! The news of my conversion soon reached my old companions; some of them said it would last a month; others, that it would all be over in a week. When I went to work they began to taunt me, and temptation to drink was very powerful, for the old appetite remained. It is a very important truth that the physical evils of drinking remain even when the heart has found peace in religion. There is a mighty struggle needed to overcome old habits. My conversion took place in August, 1859.

On the Tuesday night following my conversion, I

and my wife went to a prayer meeting, and Thomas Waddington gave me the first Bible I ever had in my life. This Bible I have read through on my knees, and it is now in our house, a constant treasure. When the Sunday came, I felt it hard work to go to the chapel in my old clothes, and I did not possess a vest of any kind. All my clothes together were worth little more than sixpence. My boots let in water, and my cap was without a peak; but I went to chapel as I was. It is better to worship God in rags, than to stay at home refusing to worship through pride of heart. And I am afraid much of this prevails, so that many remain at home ragged in heart as well as in their apparel.

As I went to the chapel I met some of my old companions who asked me where I was going, I told them, and asked them to go also. They asked if I was going to chapel in that state? I did go, and took my seat in one of the fine pews. Through forgetfulness I did not at first take off my cap; but one of the members came and asked me to do so, when I at once complied. The week following Mr. Little made me a suit of black clothes,—the first suit of clothes I had got for eight years. I had no boots to put on with my new clothes; but Mr. Farrer made me a pair. I could then go to chapel in a more respectable manner, and at the time felt a new man inside and out. I began to find out the truth of the holy scriptures; and one of the first things I proved practically was that “Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

That Sunday morning when I went out to the chapel in my new suit of clothes, I thought everybody would laugh and stare at me,—I felt so queer myself. The people at the chapel appeared glad to see me; some of them took me by the hand, and asked about my health and christian state; but greatly surprised me by saying

“Mr. Carr.” Soon after this I went to get my likeness photographed,—and I certainly looked more like a man than I had done for many years. As time rolled on, my wife and children got better clothed, and we went together to the house of God. My children, for the first time in their lives, commenced to attend the Sunday school; we were thus in a fair way for a prosperous and happy future. We left the Pottery and came to reside in Prospect Terrace, Castleford, at the time having little furniture, and that consisted of a few old chairs, one table, and the old lemon box, with the addition of the bed of straw. I was requested to distribute tracts; my class-leader told me I must work out my own salvation, and at the same time try to save others. I was very happy in the possession of Jesus as my Atonement, Advocate, and Friend. The state of our home began to improve; the old things were removed to make room for better furniture, and the straw bed cast out.

My health, however, gave way, and my workfellows strongly recommended me to take some ale or porter; but I refused. Many were the temptations which assailed me; but I tried to keep good company, and attended regularly upon the means of grace. I did not miss the class meeting once in two years. Having found the pearl of great price myself I felt anxious for the enrolment of others. My poor mother, especially, lay near my heart, and I never allowed a day or night to pass without praying to God for her, and for my brothers and sisters, as well as for my wife and children. Before my conversion I had thought but little of my mother; afterwards, however, I visited her frequently at York, where she lived. She was stone blind, and had suffered much. On one occasion I went to see her, and talked to her about going to the Methodist chapel. I told her what the religion of Jesus had done for me, and with much persuasion got her to attend a



prayer meeting at the New Connexion chapel. I took her in my arms for the first time in my life, and led her to the house of prayer. She fretted very much as we were on the way, and at the chapel the minister united with the friends present and myself in prayer for her. My dear old mother was at length made happy by the same Jesus who had saved me. How great is His love!

“O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine?”

A while after the conversion of my mother I went to York to see her again. She did not expect me; and when I got to the door of her house I found it a little way open; she was up stairs praying, and I stayed down below to listen. Her prayer ascended to God for me and my family, and all her children: she pleaded that we might be protected by him! And then, dear reader, what do you think she asked God to give her? As I listened to this I was overcome, and tears ran down my cheeks,—she asked for *bread*! I felt deeply that I had wronged my blind mother, as well as my family, by spending upon drink that which should have supported her in her old age. I went up stairs and took hold of my mother, lifted her up, and asked why she did not send me word when she was in this state. Her answer was—“O, my lad, is that thee? I was praying for the Lord to bless you all.” I asked her if she was without bread, and she said yes, and that she had gone without breakfast that morning. I then enquired for my sister, and learnt she had gone in search of bread. I took three shillings out of my pocket and gave them to my mother, again asking why she had not informed me of her poverty. Her answer was that she thought I had enough to do for myself and family. This was true; but I could not bear to see my poor mother want bread. At this time I bitterly



regretted my past prodigality, and grieved over time wasted, money squandered, my mother and family neglected, and my dear Saviour despised.

The condition of myself and family was, however, greatly improved. I got a good comfortable home and plenty of clothes. I also began to buy books, and to give myself to reading. The bible I read with great devotion, and I was very happy at this period of my history. I never missed getting up in the weekly band meeting when I had a chance to speak, and there testifying what God had done for me. I soon learnt to see the necessity of constant watchfulness, and, indeed, I suffered by committing a grave mistake. For about two years I had been an abstainer, and becoming very ill, being confined to bed for three weeks, the doctor told me I ought to take some porter or bitter beer, that without this was done I should not recover. There was no active temperance society in Castleford at the time to influence me, and so with much persuasion I took some porter. The old appetite revived, and by the time I was able to walk out, the power in me, to resist drink was greatly lessened. Going out one day I was asked by a workfellow to take a glass of something to drink: I did so, and fell into a snare of the devil. I grieve to tell that I got drunk. This sad fact soon spread all over the town, and my wife was dreadfully distressed about me. It was on a Saturday this took place. When I heard the bells ringing on the Sunday morning big tears coursed down my face, and I longed for somebody to come and see me, who would impart instruction, and take me again to the meetings. My class-leader and Thomas Waddington called; but I felt so ashamed I could not raise courage to accompany them,—they were two good men. When they had left me I went into a public-house to try to drown my conviction; but this I never could do. While drinking I wept, especially as my shop-mates

sang songs. I could not sleep at nights. In a complete agony I rolled upon the floor of my bed-room. Thank God his Spirit did not desert me. I still felt that religion was the best blessing,—I had tasted of the good things of the Saviour's kingdom.

The men at the works instead of pitying, and helping me out of my new sorrow, brought more drink to me. I went on for a time in this sad practice, and through pain of mind, and returning weakness of body, I felt lost. Sometimes I went to work at nights with the horrors of drink upon me, feeling that God might smite me down by death. The terrors of hell got hold on me, and my condition became so fearful that no tongue can portray or pen describe it. Christian men were ever watching me anxiously, desiring to lead my soul back to God; but I went on in my great folly. When going to work I sometimes thought I was being pursued, with what I could not tell; but I ran into passages to get out of the way. Truly "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth him." Sometimes I started at the shadow of a lamp-post, as if it was something that would trip me up. When in bed I thought devils were in the room, and that they had come to fetch me. For four months I lived in this way, drinking, dancing, &c., till my health forsook me, and heart disease set in. My home, on which the dove of peace had rested for a while, and which had been bathed in the sun of God's love, now became once more a dreary abode. This came of the doctor's recommendation to drink. Alcoholic liquor is a fearfully dangerous kind of physic, especially to a man or woman who has been a drunkard. I next consulted Dr. Ramskill, of Meadow Lane, Leeds, who told me that I must abstain from drink, or I should not get better. I therefore abstained for a few weeks, and having got clear of drink was disposed again to attend the class meeting. But I was persuaded to take drink in

moderation, being in such a weak state, so I thought the best thing would be to drink moderately, and join in the meetings and attend to all my religious duties without being a teetotaler. In this I thought I was only like many others. It was not long, however, before I found that moderate drinking would not do for me.

Just at this time the few teetotalers in Castleford founded a society, and I went to hear Mr. W. Gregson, of the British Temperance League, the first time he visited this place, which was in January, 1864. Mr. Gregson is a most heroic and self-sacrificing advocate of temperance. His powerful pleading on behalf of his country's weal, and his demand for freedom from the drink-curse, have been followed by most blessed results in all parts of the nation. On hearing his lecture I was convinced it was wrong for religious people to drink intoxicating liquors. I signed the temperance pledge that night, for the first time in my life, and I have not taken alcoholic drinks since, nor do I intend to take them any more. I had not been a teetotaler long before I gave a history of my own life in the Mechanics' Hall, which was crowded. After this I began to talk on temperance in the open-air, and felt, at the same time, a desire to preach the gospel. I frequently took a text out of the bible, and longed to be a local preacher, but received no encouragement from any one. I continued my street addresses, however, on temperance and religion; but my conduct, in this respect, did not please some members of the Wesleyan society.

About this time Mr. William Gill and Mr. Thomas Hartley, who were on the committee of the Temperance Society, and local preachers in the United Methodist Free Church, asked me to accompany them to Brotherton on the Sunday,—Mr. Gill having to preach at Brotherton and Mr. Hartley at Knottingley, about six miles from Castleford. After Mr. Gill had preached at



Brotherton in the morning, we went to take dinner with Robert Green, Esq., of Marsh House. I felt very shy here. We first went into a little room, and then into a larger one to dine. The room was very fine; the table beautifully set out with silver forks and spoons, &c. The bell rang for the servant to come, and there was a plentiful supply of good things. I thought within myself I am not accustomed to this sort of thing, I am getting up a bit in the world! Once a pauper in the workhouse, and now dining with a Squire! Mr. Green gave me a good supply, and there was a fair portion of fat. I did not like fat meat; but I preferred to eat it to telling him so, for I felt a little bit out of place. I was glad when the dinner was over. Mr. Hartley had to go on to Knottingley, the services being afternoon and night there. I went with him from Mr. Green's, and when we reached Knottingley Mr. Hartley did not feel well, so he took me into the pulpit to help him with the service. It was then I made my first attempt to preach in a pulpit; I do not know in what light my first effort was regarded, I, however, did my best. I continued after this to preach in the open-air; indeed Mr. Gill's intention was, when he invited me to Brotherton, that I should speak on temperance in the street that afternoon; but I was prevented by my going to Knottingley.

The teetotalers in Castleford were to have their first festival of the present society at Whitsuntide, 1864, and they had engaged the Armley brass band. The day arrived, and a procession was formed. My being a reformed drunkard induced the teetotalers to ask me to head the procession at the front of the band, and to carry in my hands a barrel without ends. This I did, and it gave offence to some professors of religion. But I felt in duty bound to carry the empty barrel, since I had helped many a time to empty barrels, by means of which I had myself been emptied of all good.



My wife had met in class with the Methodist Free Church for some time, and, not feeling comfortable with the Wesleyans, for several reasons, I resolved to join the church with which my wife was united. I should probably have done this sooner; but being very fond of my leader and class-mates I was desirous of staying. I did not, however, think it right that my position on the temperance question should make me lose caste in the society to which I belonged. It is most pleasing here to observe that since then the cause of temperance has gained a large number of adherents in the Wesleyan connexion. They have now a temperance magazine; and some of their most popular and useful ministers are teetotalers. I may further add that there would still be many more amongst them if they would live up to the spirit of their founder, the Rev. John Wesley, who expelled from his connexion both drinkers and sellers of intoxicating liquors. It is a sad blot upon some churches now that so many of these are permitted to remain members of them.



## Chapter 7.

### THE DEATH OF MY PARENTS.

“Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspired,  
Has ever yet conceived, or ever shall,  
How kind is God !”—*Young*.

I HAD not been long a member of the Methodist Free Church before I was called to do my best in preaching the gospel. At this time the church at Castleford formed a part of the Leeds circuit, and I went to preach at Armley, Leeds, Holbeck, Batley, Woodhouse Carr, and nearly all over the circuit; but my name was not then on the preachers' plan. In 1865 Castleford was made the head of a circuit; Leeds circuit at that time being divided for more concentrated and effective working. My name was then placed on the Castleford plan, and it has been my pleasure to work for God, according to the best of my ability in this way. I have also continued to labour for the temperance cause. When I had been on the plan about two years I was invited by the “Revival Band” to preach in the Dewsbury theatre. The place was crowded, and I was told it held three thousand persons. Many found peace with God there. A while after I went to preach in the same place, and some of the friends asked me to preach a temperance sermon, as there were many drinkers on the committee of the “Revival Band.” I therefore preached on temperance as well as on religion. Many were converted at that service also. I have not been backward to enter where there was an open door; but have preached the gospel

in theatres, music saloons, chapels, houses, ragged schools, temperance halls, and the open-air. Once I preached in a large Wesleyan chapel in York; and on some occasions have done so in the Primitive Methodist and Congregational chapels. Sometimes I have been from home preaching as often as seventeen Sundays together.

After my conversion to God, I began to read good books, and such was my desire to know the truth that on many occasions I sat reading from nine o'clock at night till three in the morning following, except that the reading and study were at intervals laid aside for prayer to God to give light and wisdom. I felt anxious to do some good in the world,—knowing too well that I had done much evil. Amid all this I did not forget to pray for my mother; and one day went to York to ask her to come and live with me at Castleford, so that I might look to her welfare in old age. My brother James resided in Castleford at this time, and he promised to assist mother. She came, and my sister with her, and they lived in another house. But I called to see them every day, and prayed with them, often also read to them out of the holy bible. My mother was much afflicted, and I tried to comfort her. There came a season of trial to us. Trade began to be bad, and the shop where I was labouring was stopped. My sister had a boy who worked with me, and he, with many others, lost his employment at the same time. This rendered me unable to help my mother, having a large family depending upon me.

My sister applied to the overseer of the parish for relief. This man told her my mother ought to be sent to Wakefield jail for coming to Castleford in her old age. At this time my mother was ill in bed, and the overseer sent the doctor to see if my sister's story was a true one. He ordered my sister to give her some brandy, then she would be fit to send to her own parish,

which was York. By the kindly interposition of Mr. Rhodes, butcher, of whom I got my meat, she was enabled to get some relief. He told the Board of Guardians that she was my mother, and that I was willing to keep her; but could not for want of employment. After a short time however, it was decided that my poor blind mother, 71 years of age, should be sent back to York. The doctor said if she was only wrapped up in a blanket and took some brandy she would be all right on the journey to York. In this way she was sent, and they paid her fare. But she caught cold on the way, and never was well again.

Soon after her removal I went to York to see her, and found her very ill. She told me her stay in this troublesome world would not be long, and I was deeply affected by the words she spoke. Then I felt again how bitterly I had wronged her by spending so much money upon drink; how that money would have helped me to support her declining days! I think, too, she was greatly injured by the removal to York; but the overseer at Castleford was a publican, so he was not likely to favour me or any one belonging to me. I very much question that a man in his business has a right to occupy such an office. It is well known that there is a ban on such a business, for a publican is not allowed to keep a post office, or to sign a government emigrant's certificate, &c., &c. Before leaving my poor old mother I spoke to her about Jesus, and commended her to God in prayer. Even in her poverty and affliction she was very happy; and told me not to trouble about her, but to look to the interests of my wife and children. I told her that if I had taken her advice I should have been a better son to her, and the money I had so wickedly spent on drink would have kept her from dependance upon parish help. She answered me by saying, "My lad, do not fret, I shall soon be in heaven." It is indeed a sweet



gospel which enables an aged poor woman thus to rejoice in hope of heaven's rest. She also dwelt upon God's mercy to me in changing my heart and life.

But the time arrived for me to leave by train for Castleford; before taking my departure I prayed with my mother and embraced her. It was a painful moment as I held her in my arms and pressed her to my heart. The last words I heard her utter were when going down the stairs, for then I heard her distinctly say, "Meet me in heaven." I said to myself bless God, I will. Soon after this I received a letter from my sister, informing me that mother was dead. She had at last died very suddenly in my sister's arms. At this time I was working at Rye Bread Glass Works, Castleford, but I went to York to follow the remains of my poor mother to the grave. She was buried by the side of my father, who had gone to his rest before her. They had passed through much poverty and tribulation, and this was not, as in my case, the fruits of drunkenness, but things seemed unaccountably to go against them. I have often observed that some people get on almost without effort, while others do not succeed whatever means they try. My father was certainly among the less fortunate as regards this world's goods.

I remember my mother told me once that she and father could not sleep at nights, during the time I was in the workhouse at York; they both fretted much, but could not afford to help me. My poor father was almost broken-hearted on account of their helpless state and my miserable life. He had had a stroke of the palsy by which he lost the use of one side, and thereby was rendered incapable of following his trade. As a consequence they were reduced to the verge of starvation. My father was much respected in York, and his difficult circumstances was not without the help of friendly hands and hearts. As he could not

follow his own trade he called upon a number of friends who subscribed towards the purchase of a donkey, in the hope that an honest living might be obtained in some way. He got between two and three pounds with which to purchase a donkey and cart; but he had no money with which to obtain articles for sale.

I remember my father and I went one day to try to buy rags and bones in the country; we took the donkey and cart to Eskriet, on the Selby road. When we had got about eight miles from home, one of the wheels came off the cart, and we were therefore obliged to leave it at a wheelwright's shop, and take the donkey home with us. This disaster was no joke, for my poor mother was expecting something to be taken home to her tea that day; but there was nothing for her, and my family did not fare any better. My father could not get on, and I was unable to help him; but my brother James did something to assist him and mother, in order to keep them out of the workhouse. James was a religious man, and worshipped at the Methodist New Connexion chapel; he saw that our parent would not live long, which induced him to entreat father to accompany him to the house of God. The old man was prejudiced against the Methodists; but James showed him that this was the religion that would get him to heaven. With much persuasion he went with my brother to the chapel; and I believe he got a change of heart. Soon after he took his bed, and James got a person to visit and pray with him. At the time he was so very ill, he would rise from his bed and fall on his knees to pray. My brother James had a large family of his own, but he did all that was in his power out of his small wages, to help our poor father and mother. It was soon evident, however, that father would shortly be beyond the need of all human aid. He died December 22nd, 1858, aged 61 years.

When he was gone, mother was in arrears with the

rent, and the landlord sent the bailiffs to the house. I went to see my mother that day, and on entering the house saw two men sitting by the fire. At the time I was almost drunk,—for the reader must bear in mind this was previous to my conversion,—mother was weeping as I entered, so I said to the men if they would not go I would put them out. Just as I was about to do this, my sister came in with some money, which my brother had got from Miss Chumler, to pay the rent. Immediately after her in came the landlord; I took hold of him, and a struggle ensued, in which we both fell against the wall. As the bailiffs were leaving I gave each of them a kick, and declared if ever they came near again I would do more for them. The landlord threatened to get out a summons for me, but I never after heard about it. My mother removed to another house, and I took possession of the donkey and cart, in order to get a living for my family, and my mother and sister. I was wicked enough, at this time, to go into the fields and get hay from the stacks, with which to feed the donkey. In addition to the usual way of getting a living by means of a donkey, I went to gather potatoes for farmers; but it would not all keep us, so I sold both the donkey and cart and went to work at Hunslet.

I must now return to the thread of my narrative from which I departed to relate the decease of my father and the circumstances immediately following.





## Chapter 8.

## A NEW START IN BUSINESS.

“If earth a dungeon be, it hath a roof  
Painted with stars from which the captive draws  
The light of life, the hope of liberty.”—*Giffellan*.

AFTER the death of my mother I still continued to preach; but my strength gave way very much, so that many times I had to leave my work through failing health. When I went to the glassworks, sometimes it seemed, while at work, as if I should drop to the floor. The doctors whom I consulted told me I should not live long if I did not leave the glassworks; but how was I to support my family? I could not tell, if my work was given up. The doctors told me I suffered from disease of the heart. This affliction not only prevented my earning money, but much of what I had went for medical treatment. I had sometimes to be taken home from my work, and clearly I could not follow glass-blowing, I was advised to begin some other business. I went to preach at New Wortley, and the friends there were very kind to me. Seeing that I was not in good health Mr. Parker and Mr. Howard recommended me to begin the business of a stationer and bookseller. Mr. Parker had been in that business himself, and he promised to do all he could for me, by putting me into the way of it. I had not much money to begin with, but I had many friends in Leeds and elsewhere who offered to help me. Mr. Howard took me to Mr. Cook's, Meadow Lane, Leeds, to see if he would let me have a five pound bill. Both Mr. Howard



and Mr. Parker gave me a good character. Having preached for them at New Wortley these gentlemen assisted me very much. Mr. Cook did not refuse our application, but said I might have what I wanted. He was very kind to me,—a generous friend. I felt how different this was from being a drunkard, for then I often could not get a sixpence when I wanted it.

Well, I took a shop in Carlton Street, Castleford, at a rental of £16 per annum, and all that came against it. This was a very heavy rent for me; but I resolved to try what I could do. My wife asked me what I intended to put in the shop. Having a large stock of books of my own, I told her that if I had nothing else to put in these would do for a beginning. We entered the shop, and when it was put in order, to me it looked very well. I had not been in this business long before I found all was not gold that glittered. A man called to see if I would take an agency for scented locketts. He had a very respectable appearance, and I listened to his proposals. He told me I should have thirty shillings per quarter, and fourpence in the shilling for all I sold. I invited him to take tea with me, and he promised to do so at six o'clock; but I have never seen him since he left my shop in the afternoon. I thought at first, when dealing with him, that I was making a good start in business; but soon after I came to a very different conclusion, for the villain got between three and four pounds from me. In my efforts to establish the business I suffered many losses: the newspaper, part of the trade, was a failure at first. On one occasion I sent £2 to London for some second-hand books, and I have never seen either the books or the money to this day. I have written, and made many enquiries, but to no purpose; the books and money must be entered among the lost. I soon began to get a good deal of printing, and this part of the business appeared so to increase that I began to think I could

keep a printing office myself. I named this to some of my friends in Leeds, and they said they would do all they could for me. Some young men offered their services, but as I had no capital, a friend in Leeds offered to buy me the printing material belonging to a printer at Knottingley, which was for sale at that time, and said I could pay him as I found it convenient. This was a good offer, so I consented to take it. The glass-bottle makers got a good deal of printing done for the trade union, so I applied for the work, and had it given to me on a quarter's trial. This made the printing department look very prosperous for a time, but I lost the job, and had to withdraw from the proposal of my Leeds friend to buy me the printing plant, as I found that I should not have sufficient work to keep a printer after I had lost their custom.

Since that time I have had to pass through heavy troubles and perplexities in business matters. I have also passed many weary nights and days, afflicted both in body and mind, but I have constantly trusted in my best Friend—a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—Jesus Christ. I have had many enemies, some of whom ought to have been my best friends,—but this FRIEND will never leave me.

I worked at my own trade, glass-bottle making, for two years, with a weak and sorely-afflicted body, after my commencement as shop-keeper, and it severely injured my health. The doctor ordered me at many times to give up my job at the glass-works, and this I was at length compelled to do. My health, ruined and shattered by long years of intemperance, at last completely broke down, and no one can imagine the sufferings that sin now entailed upon me,—but, thank God, He helped me in time of need. I belonged to the trade union, which is one of the best in England. It is a Society that not only helps a man up when he is down, but extends its benevolence to all kinds of good

objects, including hospitals, infirmaries, and other charitable institutions; and there are many who in sickness and old age would have to suffer poverty and wretchedness, but for the timely aid of the trade union. A great moral change has also taken place in the members of the union, many of whom are now saving money in the bank, while others are building houses, and laying by for a rainy day.

When my fellow-workmen got to know of my illness they kindly raised a subscription for me, amounting to fifteen pounds, besides the superannuated pay of five shillings per week, from the union, which all members incapable of work become entitled to receive for life. My fellow-workmen were very kind to me in my affliction, and I pray that they may be rewarded both here and hereafter, and that they may avoid the evils that ensnared me, and thereby save both their health and money: and give God their heart, so that we may meet at last in heaven. I found very few friends when I was a drinker, but since I reformed I have never lacked them.

I did once meet with some friends when I was a drinker. They lived at the Potteries, where I had formerly dwelt, and having heard that I was again living at Castleford, and knowing me to be a funny sort of fellow, always ready for mischief, and any ridiculous or foolish nonsense, they determined that I should be a neighbour of theirs again, and, amongst them, they furnished me a decent sort of house, and invited myself and family to accept their kindness. This we did, and lived there some time. I got many a good dinner when I had money to take to the publican, but none when I had drunk it all, and left myself penniless. When I was a drinker, I took my little boy to the tap-room, and giving him drink, often sang him some such doggerel lines as these:—

“Come, my little son,  
Let's have a kiss and a cuddle,  
And when thou gets as big as dad,  
I'll teach thee how to fuddle.”



But, thank God, instead of the drunkard's song, I now teach him teetotalism, and to sing the praises of God. My home, now, is a happy home! Instead of drunkard's songs and blasphemies, there is now heard prayer, and songs of praise. Thank God for Religion and Teetotalism.

My dear reader, it has been with great reluctance that I have written a history of my miss-spent life, I am deeply ashamed to tell this dark side of my life — what I have been, and what I have done under the influence of that arch-fiend—DRINK! But for the sake of my fellow-men, and that it may be a warning to them, I have laid aside private feelings, in order that they may see what drinking, gaming, dancing and horseracing will do. There are darker scenes and darker deeds that drink has led me into, but enough has been told to illustrate its awful influence. There may be some, who, knowing myself and family from childhood, will perhaps here read of more suffering and misery in my career than they were before aware of. We have often passed through suffering in silence, when we perhaps might have had help if we had asked for it. Drink has led me far from God, and very near to hell. It is the greatest curse of humanity—and could we but drive out the drink, the world would soon know true happiness in religion. I have had companions who have been transported,—and some who have died in asylums, bereft of reason,—and others, who have committed suicide under the influence of drink, and many, aye, many who have died a drunkard's death, without God and without hope in the world,—while I, thank God, am plucked as a brand from the burning! Some of my companions, I am thankful to say, have found peace in Jesus. One of my dearest friends, one whom I served my apprenticeship with, and who has been a great fighter as well as a great drinker—Thomas Thompson, has been converted while in Wakefield jail.



He has become a member of the Primitive Methodist Church at Mexbro. He and his family are all now teetotallers. There are other old companions, who have also been reclaimed. When I look back at my past wanderings, I am most bitterly grieved at the wrongs I have inflicted on others,—how my poor wife has suffered what no tongue can describe, without upbraiding or reviling, and always showing kindness in return for my cruelty. Also, how my poor father and mother—now in Heaven—had to suffer want and hunger, when, but for the drink, I might have helped and supported their declining years. Bless God, that the drink which I once loved, I now hate with a perfect hatred, and I pray that this brief narrative may serve as a beacon to warn many a traveller on life's pathway to shun the dangers and snares, that, for many long years, ruined the happiness of one, who, though LOST—  
IS FOUND.



## ADDENDA.

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Last Tuesday evening, March 16th, 1869, under the auspices of the Female Temperance and Benevolent Society, a lecture was delivered in the Mechanics' Hall, Castleford, by Mr. R. Carr, a reformed drunkard; subject "Drunkenness. Moderation, and Sobriety." Mr. Henry Huck was called to the chair. He spoke of the great pleasure he felt in presiding on this occasion, and briefly remarked on the struggles which for temperance principles, Mr. Carr and himself had undergone in this town, during the past few years. He then introduced the lecturer.

Mr. Carr, who was warmly received, said he had not expected to see so many present. It was the first opportunity he had had of delivering a set lecture to his fellow-townsmen, during the many years he had lived in Castleford. However he had not been idle, but had lectured in several other towns for different societies. Many who had heard him, said he carried his teetotalism too far, but none of them ever showed him where he was wrong; and if any of those now present happened to think the same, he hoped they would set him right. If he did speak in hard terms, it was not against persons but against bad principles. He had no hatred against any one, but he did hate the drink, because it had proved such a curse to himself and his family; and both they and many others had suffered from its blighting influence. Although not a good singer, yet he would try and sing them a song, the tune of which he had often

sung in others words while sat on the ale-bench, with a quart of ale before him, and his eyes bunged up with barrel bottoms." He was troubled with a cold, but would do his best, and they must help him in the chorus. The melody, called "Abstinence," was moderately sung but loudly cheered. The lecturer went on to say that in Eden man was placed under prohibitory laws, the breaking of which had reduced him to a depraved condition, but by imbibing intoxicating drinks man makes himself worse than a beast. Drunkenness is a voluntary madness, and induces much physical disease. Other diseases only afflict the body, and their effects only last for a time; but disease produced by drink not only injures the body, but the mind also; and lasts throughout eternity. Alcohol flies to the brain, and dethrones reason. It was a physical sin, and he believed that should be avoided as well as moral sin. Some people said their consciences never accused them of doing wrong when they were taking the drink; but he quoted the case of St. Paul to show that conscience was not a sure guide, but was dependant on knowledge. It was quite possible that some might not know that when they took the drink they were doing wrong; but he believed that the great majority of professing christians do know, but continue to take it because they like it. He recollected attending a discussion where the question was, "should an habitual drunkard be placed under legal restraint?" One person got up to ask what a habitual drunkard was when he (Mr. Carr), said he could tell him, as he had been one. He was ordered to sit down, but would not do so until he had said that an habitual drunkard was one who got drunk whenever he had the chance. A publican's solicitor, who was present, could not see how men could be social without a sup of drink, and thought there ought to be inebriate asylums provided, as in America. The discussion was adjourned, but he had not since heard about it. He quoted a few public-house sign-

boards, such as the "Two Pointers" "Pig and Whistle" "Labour in Vain," &c., and passed some humorous comments on their significance. Often when he had spent all his wages with the landlord, he had borrowed back enough to keep him during the coming week. He related many of the tricks he and his companions used to practice on their drunken comrades, which caused much laughter. On one occasion he had set off to his work in a half dressed state, so affected was his reason by the drink. In entering on the subject of moderation, he affirmed that some had said it was impossible to tell where moderation ended and drunkenness begun, but for his part he believed there was no such thing as moderation in what was evil, and intoxicating liquor was the greatest instrument of the devil. It was not possible to remain neutral on this question. There were two great classes, drinkers and abstainers; and we must either belong to one or the other. This so-called moderation is only the *abc* of drunkenness. Once he found a preacher eating orange peel in order that the drink he had taken might not be smelled, and remarked that men of this class should be the first to give it up. Plans had been suggested and tried for the purpose of abolishing drunkenness; but there was only one way. Like the vulture destroying the crocodile's eggs, we must destroy the drink in order to put an end to the evil. As to the plea that the scriptures did not command total abstinence, he flatly denied it; and also quoted Pliny's statement that in the time of Christ there were 395 kinds of wine in use, only one of which was intoxicating. He briefly reviewed the progress of the drink traffic, and gave statistics relating to the present time.

Want of space forbids us to give any lengthy report. The lecturer went fully into the evils resulting from the drink traffic, and the blessings accruing from sobriety; illustrating the lecture with most amusing



anecdotes, and facts connected with his own experience. At the close a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded him, and after a few announcements, the meeting broke up.—*Castleford Star*.



*Mr. Robert Carr is open to engagements to Lecture on Temperance, also, for Temperance and Anniversary Sermons, &c.*

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